



UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA      DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

# *In Recital*

BRENDA RANDALL, mezzo-soprano

assisted by

LORETTA DUECK, pianist

Saturday, March 12, 1988 at 8:00 p.m.

Aderò, volerò, griderò from Orlando Finto Pazzo  
Lagrimetta alle pupille from La Verità in Cimento

Antonio Vivaldi  
(1678-1741)

Proses Lyriques (1892-93)  
De Rêve  
De Grève  
De Fleurs  
De Soirs

Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)

## INTERMISSION

Mausfallen Sprüchlein (1882)  
Gesang Weylas (1888)  
Elfenlied (1888)  
Auch Kleine Dinge (1892)  
Auf Einer Wanderung (1888)

Hugo Wolf  
(1860-1903)

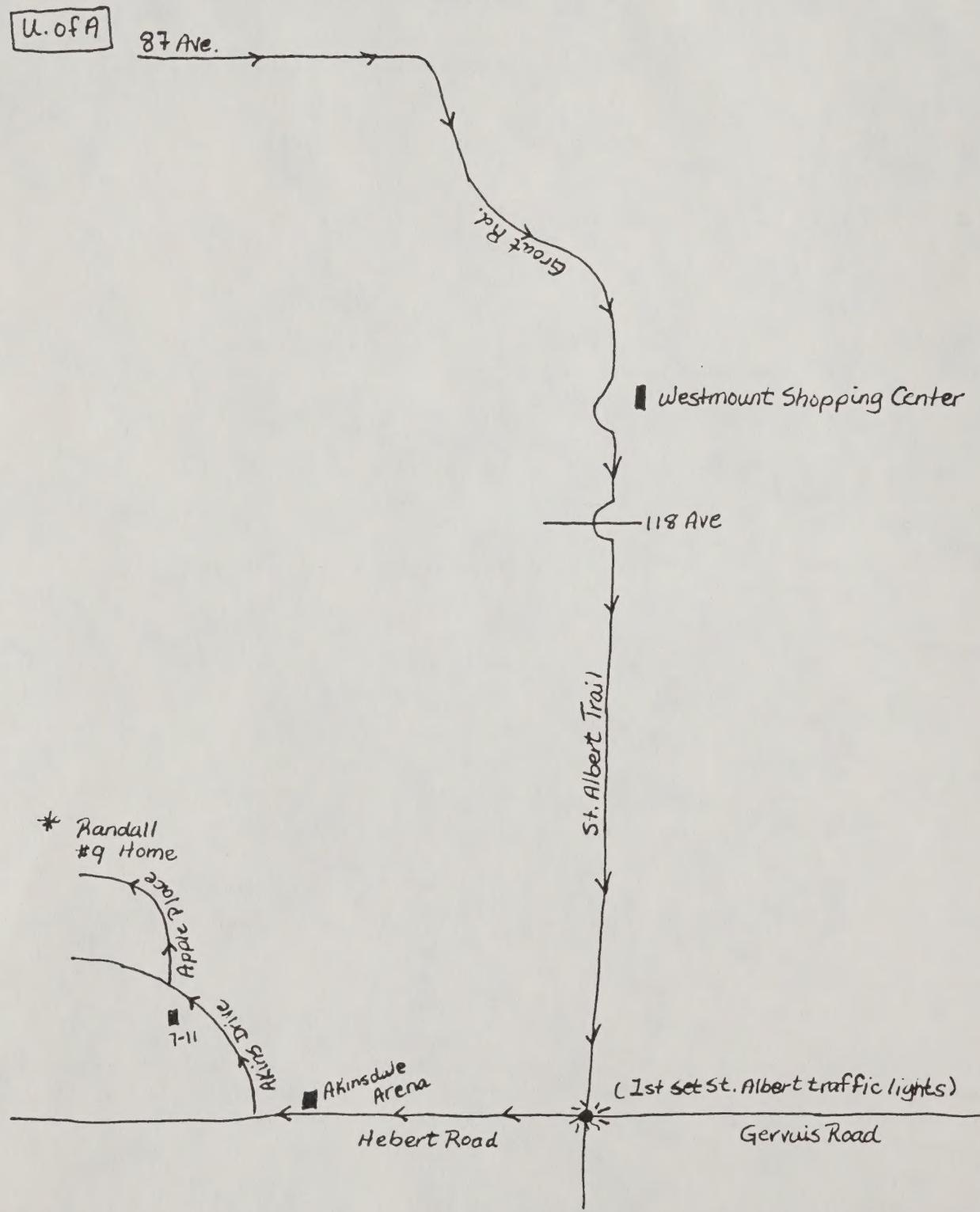
Three Songs of Venice (1976)  
The Gondolier  
St. Mark's Square  
Rain Storm

Micheal Head  
(1900-1976)  
Lyrics by Nancy Bush

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Mrs. Randall.

I wish to express my thanks to all who helped me in the preparation for tonight; your assistance is very much appreciated. I hope that everyone here this evening will join us in our new home for the reception which immediately follows the recital.

*Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building*



## LYRICS

**Aderò, volerò, griderò** (I will go, I will fly, I will shout)

Aderò, volerò, griderò su la senna, su il Tebro, su il Reno animando a battaglia a vendetta ogni cuore che vanti valor. Volerò, griderò, "Vendetta, battaglia, vendetta!" Empio duol che mi serpi nel seno scaglia pur la fatale saetta a finire il mio acerbo dolor.

I will go, I will fly, I will shout on the Seine, on the Thames, on the Rhein. I will go lively to battle to revenge every heart which is worthy of valour. I will go, I will shout "Revenge, battle, revenge!" The impious grief which creeps around my breast like a serpent is hurling the fatal arrow of lightening to finish my pungent sorrow.

**Lagrimetta alle pupille** (A Little Tear from the Eyes)

Lagrimetta alle pupille ha sdegnosi e mesti accenti, interrotti da sospiri, siano a danno del tiranno, l'armi tue il tuo poter. Ma se poi aver non puoi dal tuo pianto tante stille che dian forza a'tuo lamenti, altre smanie, altri deliri fa' ch'aggiunga l'arte al ver.

A little tear from the eyes conveys indignant and sad remarks interrupted by lamenting. The weapons and power of the tear should be disadvantageous to the tyrant. But then, if you cannot, with these tears from your sorrow, give strength to your complaints, other wild desires, frenzied deliriums, could be added to show the truth by art.

Translations kindly provided by Pino Monorchio

Proses Lyriques by Claude Debussy

### De Rêve

La nuit a des douceurs de femme  
Et les vieux arbres sous la lune d'or,  
Songent!  
A celle qui vient de passer la tête  
emperiée,  
Maintenant navrée, à jamais navrée,  
Ils n'ont pas su lui faire signe...  
Toutes! elles ont passé:  
les Frêles, les Folles,  
Semant leur rire gazon grêle,  
aux brises frôleuses la caresse  
charmeuse  
des hanches fleurissantes.  
Hélas! de tout ceci, plus rien  
qu'un blanc frisson...  
Les vieux arbres sous la lune d'or  
pleurent leurs belles feuilles d'or!

Nul ne leur dédiera plus la fierté  
de casques d'or  
Maintenant ternis, à jamais ternis.  
Les chevaliers sont morts  
Sur le chemin du Graal!  
La nuit a des douceurs de  
femme,  
Des mains semblent frôler les âmes,  
mains si folles, si frêles,  
Au temps où les épées chantaient  
pour Elles!  
D'étranges soupirs s'élèvent sous  
les arbres.  
Mon âme c'est du rêve ancien qui  
t'étreint!

### Of Dreams...

The night has the sweetness  
of woman  
and the old trees under the  
golden moon  
are dreaming!  
To her who has just passed  
with head bepearled,  
now heartbroken, for ever  
heartbroken,  
they did not know how to give  
her a sign...  
All! they have passed:  
the Frail Ones, the Foolish Ones,  
casting their laughter to the  
thin grass,  
and to the fondling breezes  
the bewitching caress  
of hips in the fullness of their  
beauty  
Alas! of all this, nothing is  
left but a pale tremor...  
The old trees under the  
golden moon  
are weeping their beautiful  
golden leaves!  
None will again dedicate to  
them the pride of the golden  
helmets.  
Now tarnished, tarnished forever.  
The Knights are dead  
On the way to the Grail!  
The night has the sweetness of  
woman,  
hands seem to caress the  
souls,  
hands so foolish, so frail,  
in the days when the swords  
sang for them!  
Strange sighs rise under the  
trees.  
My soul you are gripped  
by a dream of olden  
times!

### De Grève...

Sur la mer les crépuscules tombent,  
Soie blanche effilée.  
Les vagues comme des petites folles  
Jasent, petites filles sortant de l'école,  
  
Parmi les froufrous de leur robe,  
Soie verte irisée!  
Les nuages, graves voyageurs,  
Se concertent sur le prochain orage,  
Et c'est un fond vraiment trop grave  
  
A cette anglaise agurelle.  
Les vagues, les petites vagues,  
Ne savent plus où se mettre,  
Car voici la méchante averse,  
Froufrous de jupes envolées,  
Soie vert affolée.  
Mais la lune, compatissante à tous!  
Vient apaiser ce gris conflit.  
Et caresse lentement ses petites  
amies  
Qui s'offrent comme lèvres aimantes  
A ce tiède et blanc baiser.  
Puis, plus rien...  
Plus que les cloches attardées  
des flottantes églises!  
\*Angélus des vagues,  
Soie blanche apaisée!

### Of The Shore...

Over the sea twilight falls,  
frayed white silk.  
The waves like little mad things  
chatter, little girls coming out of  
school,  
amid the rustling of their dresses,  
iridescent green silk!  
The clouds, grave travellers,  
hold council about the next storm,  
and it is a background really too  
solemn  
for this English water-colour.  
The waves, the little waves,  
no longer know where to go,  
for here is the annoying downpour,  
rustling of flying skirts,  
panic-stricken green silk.  
But the moon, compassionate towards all!  
comes to pacify this grey conflict.  
And slowly caresses his little friends  
  
who offer themselves like loving lips  
to his warm, white kiss.  
Then, nothing more...  
Only the belated bells of the floating  
churches!  
Angelus of the waves,  
calmed white silk!

\*Angelus is a Roman Catholic devotion that commemorates the Incarnation and is said at morning, noon, and evenings.

### De Fleurs...

Dans l'ennui si désolément vert de  
la serre de douleur,  
Les fleurs enlacent mon cœur de  
leurs tiges méchantes.  
Ah! quand reviendront autour de  
ma tête  
Les chères mains si tendrement  
désenlaceuses?  
Les grands Iris violettes  
Violèrent méchamment tes yeux  
En semblaient les refléter,  
Eux, qui furent l'eau du songe  
où plongèrent mes rêves  
Si doucement enclosen leur couleur;  
Et les lys, blancs jets d'eau de  
pistils embaumés,  
Ont perdu leur grâce blanche  
Et ne sont plus que pauvres  
malades sans soleil!  
Soleil! ami des fleurs mauvaises,  
Tueur de rêves! Tueur d'illusions!  
Ce pain béni des âmes misérables!  
Venez! Venez! Les mains salvatrices!  
Brisez les vitres de mensonge,  
Brisez les vitres de maléfice,  
Mon âme meurt de trop de soleil!  
Mirages! Plus ne refleurira la  
joie de mes yeux  
Et mes mains sont lasses de prier,  
Mes yeux sont lasses de pleurer!  
Externellement ce bruit fou des  
pétales noirs de l'ennui  
Tombant goutte à goutte sur ma  
tête  
Dans le vert de la serre de  
douleur!

### Of Flowers...

In the tedium so desolately green of  
the hothouse of grief,  
The flowers entwine my heart with  
their wicked stems.  
Ah! when will return around  
my head  
the dear hands so tenderly  
disentwining?  
The big violet irises  
wickedly ravished your eyes  
while seeming to reflect them,  
they, who were the water of the  
dream into which my dreams plunged  
so sweetly enclosed in their colour;  
and the lilies, white fountains of  
fragrant pistils,  
have lost their white grace  
and are no more than poor sick  
things without sun!  
Sun! friend of evil flowers,  
Killer of dreams! Killer of illusions!  
This consecrated bread of wretched souls!  
Come! Come! Redeeming hands!  
Break the window-panes of falsehood,  
Break the window-panes of malefice,  
My soul dies of too much sun!  
Mirages! the joy of my eyes will not  
flower again  
and my hands are weary of praying,  
my eyes are weary of weeping!  
Eternally this maddening sound of the  
black petals of tedium  
falling drop by drop on my head  
  
in the green of the hothouse of grief!

## De Soir...

Dimanche sur les villes,  
Dimanche dans les coeurs!  
Dimanche chez les petites filles  
chantant d'une voix informée  
des rondes obstinées où de bonnes Tours  
n'en ont plus que pour quelques jours!  
Dimanche, les gares sont folles!  
Tout le monde appareille pour des  
banlieux d'aventure  
en se disant adieu avec des gestes  
éperdus!  
Dimanche, les trains vont vite,  
dévorés par d'insatiables tunnels;  
Et les bons signaux des routes  
échangent d'un œil unique  
des impressions toutes mécaniques.  
Dimanche, dans le bleu de mes rêves,  
Où mes pensées tristes de feux  
d'artifices manquées  
Ne veulent plus quitter le deuil  
de vieux Dimanches trépassés.  
Et la nuit, à pas de velours,  
vient endormir le beau ciel fatigué,  
et c'est Dimanche dans les avenues  
d'étoiles;  
la Vierge or sur argent  
laisse tomber les fleurs de sommeil!  
Vite, les petites anges, dépassez  
les hirondelles  
afin de vous coucher, forts  
d'absolution!  
Prenez pitié des villes,  
Prenez pitié des coeurs  
Vous, la Vierge or sur argent!

## Of Evening...

Sunday in the towns,  
Sunday in the hearts!  
Sunday for the little girls  
Singing with immature voices  
persistent rounds where good Towers  
will last only for a few days!\*

Sunday, the stations are frenzied!  
Everyone sets off for the suburbs  
of adventure  
Saying goodbye with distracted  
gestures!

Sunday, the trains go quickly,  
devoured by insatiable tunnels;  
the good signals of the tracks  
interchange with a single eye  
purely mechanical impressions.

Sunday, in the blue of my dreams,  
where my sad thoughts of  
abortive fireworks  
will no longer cease to mourn  
for only Sundays long departed.

And the night, with velvet steps,  
sends the beautiful, tired sky to sleep,  
and it is Sunday in the avenues of  
the stars;

the Virgin, gold upon silver,  
lets the flowers of sleep fall!

Quickly the little angels, overtake  
the swallow  
to put you to bed, blessed by  
absolution!

Take pity on the towns,  
take pity on the hearts,  
You, Virgin gold upon silver!

\*The girl who is the tower in the centre of the round will soon be replaced by another girl.

Translations taken from Pierre Bernac's  
The Interpretation of French Song

## Hugo Wolf

### Mausfallen Sprüchlein

(Das Kind geht dreimal um die Falle  
und Spricht:)

Kleine Gäste, kleines Haus,  
liebe Mäusin, oder Maus,  
stelle dich nur kecklich ein  
heute Nacht bei Mondenschein,  
Mondenschein, Mondenschein!  
Mach aber die Tür fein hinter dir zu.  
Hörst du? Hörst du?  
Dabei hüte dein Schwänzchen!  
Hörst du! Hörst du?  
Dein Schwänzchen!  
Nach Tische singen wir,  
nach Tische springen wir und machen ein  
Tänzchen, ein Tänzchen!  
Witt, witt! Witt, witt!  
Meine alte Katze tanzt wahrscheinlich mit.  
Hörst du? Hörst du?

### Mouse-catching Rhyme

(The child walks three times around  
the trap and says:)

Little guests, little house  
Dear lady mouse or gentleman mouse,  
Come in then, step lively  
Tonight by moonlight!

But make sure the door shuts well behind you.  
Do you hear? Do you hear?  
Moreover, mind your little tail!  
Do you hear? Do you hear?  
Your little tail!  
After dinner we sing  
After dinner we spring and have  
a little dance!  
Come, come! Come, come!  
My old cat will probably dance, too.  
Do you hear? Do you hear?  
Do you hear?

## Gesang Weylas

Du bist Orplid\*, mein Land  
das ferne euchtet.  
Vom Meere dampft dein besonnter  
Strand den Nebel,  
so der Götter Wange feuchtet.  
  
Uralte Wasser steigen verjüngt um  
deine Hüften, Kind!  
Vor deiner Gottheit beugen sich Könige  
die deine Wärter sind.

## Weyla's Song

You are Orplid, my land  
shining from afar.  
Your sunny shore draws upward from the  
sea  
the mist which moistens the cheeks of the  
gods.  
Primeval waters surge about your loins and  
find new youth, my child!  
Before your divinity Kings bow, they  
who are your vassals.

\*Orplid is an imaginary island whereon stands a statue of the goddess of Weyla.

## **Elfenlied**

Bei nacht im Dorf der Wächter rief:  
"Elfe!"  
Ein ganz kleines Elfchen im Walde  
schließt wohl um die Elfe!  
Und meint, es rief ihm aus dem  
Tal bei seinem Namen die  
Nachtigall,  
oder Silpelit hätt ihm gerufen.  
Reibt sich der Elf die Augen aus,  
begibt sich vor sein Schnenkenhaus  
und ist als wie ein trunken Mann,  
sein Schläfein war nicht voll getan.  
Und humpelt also, tippe tapp,  
durchs Haselholz ins Tal hinab,  
schlupft an der Mauer hin so dicht,  
da sitzt der Glühwurm Licht an Licht.  
"Was sind das helle Fensterlein?  
Da drin wird eine Hochzeit sein:  
die Kleinen sitzen beim Mahle,  
und treibens in dem Saale:  
Da guck ich wohl ein wenig' nein!"  
Pfui! Stösst den Kopf an harten  
Stein!  
Elfe, gelt, du hast genug?  
Gukuk!

## **Song of the Elf**

At night in the village the watchman  
cried, "Eleven!"<sup>\*</sup>  
A tiny, little elf in the forest  
was fast asleep at eleven o'clock!  
and he thought that the nightingale  
in the valley was calling  
him by name,<sup>\*\*</sup>  
Or that Silpelit<sup>\*\*</sup> had summoned him.  
The elf rubs his eyes open,  
Sets out from his snail-shell house,  
and is just like a drunken man,  
as his nap was not quite finished.  
He stumbles then, tippety-tap,  
through the hazel-wood into the valley below,  
creeps very close to the wall,  
where sit the glow worms, light upon light.  
"What are all those bright, little windows?  
There must be a wedding in there:  
the little ones are sitting at a meal  
and amusing themselves in the hall.  
I will just peep a bit inside!"  
Ouch! He has banged his head on  
a hard stone!  
Elf, now then, have you had enough?  
Cuckoo!

<sup>\*</sup>The German word "Elfe" is a play on words. It means both "elf" and "eleven o'clock".

<sup>\*\*</sup>Silpelit is one of the chiefs of the elf kingdom.

## **Auch Kleine Dinge**

Auch kleine Dinge können uns entzücken,  
auch kleine Dinge können teuer sein.  
Bedenkt, wie gern, wir uns mit Perlen  
Schmücken,  
sie werden schwer bezahlt und sind  
nur klein.  
Bedenkt, wie klein ist die Olivenfrucht,  
und wird um ihre Güte doch gesucht.  
Denkt an die Rose nur, wie klein sie ist,  
und duftet doch so lieblich, wie ihr  
wisst.

## **Auf einer Wanderung**

In ein freundliches Städtchen tret ich ein,  
in den Strassen liegt roter Abendschein.  
Aus einem offnen Fenster eben,  
über den reichsten Blumenflor hinweg,  
hört man Goldglocken töne schweben  
und eine Stimme scheint ein Nachtigallenchor,  
dass die Blüten beben,  
dass die Lüfte leben,  
dass in höherem Rot die Rosen leuchten  
vor.  
Lang hielt ich staunend, lust bekommen!

Wie ich hinaus vors Tor gekommen,  
ich weiss es wahrlich selber nicht!  
Ach hier, wie liegt die Welt so licht!  
Der Himmel wogt in purpurnem Gewühle,  
rückwärts die Stadt in goldnem Rauch,  
wie rauscht der Erlenbach,  
wie rauscht im Grund die Mühle.  
Ich bin wie trunken irrgeföhrt!  
O Muse, du hast mein Herz berührt  
mit einem Liebeshau!

## **Even Little Things**

Even little things can charm us,  
even little things can be costly.  
Think how gladly we adorn  
ourselves with pearls,  
they are dearly bought and are  
but small.  
Think how tiny is the fruit of the olive tree,  
Yet for its goodness it is sought.  
Just think of the rose, how small it is,  
and you know how sweet is its  
scent.

## **Wandering**

I entered a friendly little town  
while the streets were bathed in the evening sun's red  
glow.  
From an open window nearby,  
out over a bed of marvelous flowers,  
came drifting the tones of golden bells,  
and a voice like a chorus of nightingales,  
made the blossoms quiver,  
the breezes spring to life,  
and the roses glow in their deep, red  
splendour.  
I stood there a long time astonished,  
overcome by joy!  
How I ever left those grounds,  
indeed, I do not know!  
Ah, but the world is beautiful here!  
The sky is surging in crimson billows  
behind the town in a golden haze.  
How the brook is rushing under the alder trees,  
how the mill is rumbling in the gorge.  
I am bemused, intoxicated!  
Oh Muse, you have touched my  
heart with a breath of love!

Three Songs of Venice

First performed at the Royal Festival Hall on 24 October, 1977, at a concert given in aid of the Venice in Peril fund by Dame Janet Baker and André Previn.

**The Gondolier**

Dark he moves from shade to sun;  
His single oar, rhythmic and slow,  
Divides the quiet waterway,  
Dips down but scarcely stirs its flow.  
High on the prow, a man of bronze,  
He rides against the summer light;  
Bridges and walls of golden stone  
Behind him move and glide from sight.  
Idle we lie. Silent and still  
The boat drifts down the narrow way  
And high above, houses and towers  
Stand close, to shut us from the day.  
Then, where the channel turns,  
He pauses, lifts his oar,  
And calls, "Ohé, Ohé, Ohé,"  
And all around  
The walls throw back the sound.  
Then as the long prow lifts and swings,  
The curious echo rings,  
Here, for a space, then gone,  
The herald of our silent coming on.

**Rain Storm**

Last night, a storm of rain.  
This morning city is grey,  
The endless blue of the sky clouded away  
With a look of autumn.  
Under wet awnings tables stand  
Empty, and sudden wind  
Scurries the first of fallen leaves.  
Venice, beautiful city of sun--  
So will she look when winter comes,  
When all her alleys and squares are cold  
And her great churches dark,  
When we, creatures of summer, are gone  
and all our pleasures done.  
And those who stay look out and fear  
The fall of the year,  
The water's constant ebb and flow,  
Silent and slow,  
Fretting the stone, lapping the marble floor,  
Until the winter flood turns back no more,  
To lose in the drowning tide  
A city more beautiful than any other.

**St. Mark's Square**

A shower of pigeons arch over the rooftops,  
Their flight into light, into morning begun,  
And thousands of wings are dipping and wheeling  
To shadow the water, to darken the sun.  
And into the square the people are pressing  
To stare at the domes, to gape at the tower,  
To laugh and to listen, as sounding above them  
The clappers of bronze are striking the hour.  
A commonplace crowd, some wander unheeding;  
Yet some will look back and remember at last  
The marvel of stone that rises around them,  
The grace of the city, the dream of the past.

